

Trope: Bodyguard AU (Hannigram AU)

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Trope: Bodyguard AU (Hannigram AU)

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Retired FBI Agent Will Graham has started work for Jack Crawford's private security firm and his first client is insufferable. But as the threat towards Count Hannibal Lecter deepens, Will finds himself becoming all the more protective.

Art for this fic can be found [Here](#) By InsanelyArtful (InsanelyWriteful)

- Inspired by [Bodyguard au fic pic](#) by [InsanelyWriteful](#)
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You've got to be kidding me, Will wanted to shout but settled instead for growling the words, "I won't do it Jack."

He glared at his fellow alpha, his boss who had gotten him into this mess in the first place. Him and damn Count Hannibal Lecter the bloody Eighth.

When former Special Agent Will Graham had been let go from the FBI for, apparently, being too unstable, he had taken a job with Crawford's private security firm. So far it had pretty much been babysitting jobs for touring celebrities in need of extra security. This job hadn't seemed any different at first, European nobility instead of a singer or comedian, but same difference as far as Will was concerned in that respect.

The only real difference was the secrecy aspect. The Lithuanian royals and their extended family had been threatened by someone claiming to be an extremist group and a security presence might set them off. So everyone got their very own personal bodyguard posing as a friend or entourage. The old hands had been assigned to the more important people, Will as a relative newcomer to the company was assigned to a minor royal - Count Hannibal Lecter.

He was a stuck up, smug asshole and they really could barely stand to be in the same room as each other, but the assignment wouldn't be too long, he hoped. Will could put up with that sort of shit for only so long. And so long was about to become longer thanks to the events of the previous Friday night.

Lecter had insisted, against Will's better judgment, on attending a friend's gallery opening that he, apparently, couldn't possibly miss. Halfway through the night some over familiar acquaintance came at them. It turned out that Franklyn was a harmless hangeron, but Will wasn't to know that when he the man went in to give Lecter a hug.

Will had stepped between them, but the man hadn't stopped and Will had been forced to put him on the ground, suspecting he was attempting harm to the Count. That was his damn job after all.

It turned out to be an embarrassing mistake, but Crawford's solution was overkill to say the least.

"Will, in a very public space you, from an outsider's perspective, assaulted a perfectly harmless man who was simply trying to hug a friend. There's only so many ways we can play this without it being obvious that you're some sort of personal security. Which could put the whole bigger operation at risk."

Will wanted to argue it, but in terms of the bigger picture he really couldn't. There must be other options though, surely?

"We're both alphas!" Will threw the obvious argument out there..

"It's common knowledge in the media that the Count is pansexual. He's, uh... friendly, with all genders and dynamics," Crawford countered.

“And what does Lecter think of this? Have you told him yet?”

“Actually Will, it was Count Lecter’s idea,” Jack’s reply was blasé with a smidge of smugness worthy of the Count. He continued with a firm command, “From now on you’ll be posing as his boyfriend. Try not to blow this cover too if you can possibly manage it.”

Weeks old rumours were confirmed today regarding the latest member of Count Hannibal Lecter’s entourage.

The gruff American alpha that we first sighted with the Count two months ago, made an overt show of possession at last night’s Menas Gallery opening, when another would-be-suitor approached the Count.

Previously considered to be one of Lecter’s security team or aides, it is now clear that this alpha is the paramour of the infamously pansexual noble.

In light of last night’s scuffle, the Count’s people released a short statement this morning confirming that they have been happily seeing each other for a while but have no immediate plans to marry.

We’re going to follow this story as closely as we can and see what else we can find out about the new alpha at the palace!

Freddie Lounds for The Vilnius Tattler

Two weeks. Two damn weeks they’d been playing at this bullshit and Will was done.

It was bad enough that every time they went out he had to hold hands with the Count and generally look thrilled to be in his company. Which Will was surprised anyone bought for a moment, because he really wasn’t that good of an actor.

And Hannibal Lecter ate it all up, he found the whole thing amusing and didn’t seem to give a shit about how uncomfortable it made Will feel.

So here they were, unable to avoid going out in public, which Will had hoped for, eating dinner at some fancy restaurant like they were actually into each other.

Will started a timer in his head, thirteen minutes since he’d last said a word. After twelve minutes Lecter had stopped talking too, just sat there looking more and more amused.

“You don’t like my company this evening, Will?” Lecter mused, his lips curling up into an infuriating smile.

Will huffed, “I find this whole thing farcical.”

“My safety is a farce to you?” Lecter gave a lopsided grin, intentionally poking.

Will rolled his eyes, “You know what I mean. This isn’t what I’m being paid for,” He kept his tone hushed though there was someone who might overhear despite the whole section of the restaurant having been cleared for them.

“Actually, this is exactly what you’re being paid for,” Lecter crooned and then picked up his wine.

Will felt like walking out, “You know, you’re a bit of a prick really,” Will growled, stopping himself when he realised Lecter seemed to shiver a little.

Lecter let out a sigh and sat back in his chair, “Has it occurred to you at all Will that my behaviour is a reflection of your own? You are surly and disagreeable. You’ve been nothing but rude to me since our very first meeting where it was clear that I was an inconvenience rather than a job. So forgive me if I have my fun by, what is they say? Prodding the bear?”

Will huffed again, not really having a retort when confronted with the truth. He’d like to point out all Lecter’s personality traits that annoyed him - the fussiness, the pompousness, the clothes! But it wasn’t worth his breath.

Will was surprised when Hannibal’s hand was suddenly on his. He’d reached out across the table and taken hold of the hand wrapped around Will’s glass of whiskey. As an automatic reaction Will let go of the glass and turned his hand so that their palms met in a gentle hold, before he even considered what he was doing.

He looked at their joined hands and then up to Hannibal in confusion, “Wha-?”

Then the waiter was next to the table setting dessert and coffee menus in front of them. Will forced a smile. He really wasn’t being paid enough to do this. He wasn’t a damn actor or escort. It was hard to pretend to enjoy someone’s company when you really just thought they were an asshole.

As the waiter left Will tried to withdraw his hand, but Lecter had tight hold of it. He looked up in question and the alpha tilted his head almost imperceptibly and looked annoyed.

There was a group of photographers bustling at the window. They were the other side of the restaurant, but no distance at all for a long distance lens.

Will grit his teeth and Lecter frowned at him. He was uneasy and Lecter could surely scent it.

The maitre d’ came over and apologised profusely before setting off personally to go and shoo the reporters away.

“This was the reason for the dinner, right?” Will snarled.

“My publicist was going to let slip where we were for dinner, but not until later, a few shots as we leave just to reaffirm the story. We’ve hardly been seen at all and Mr Crawford-”

“Crawford!” Will’s lips twitched into a snarl.

“Yes, he contacted my people, concerned that your cover might be in jeopardy... and that we might handle that better than him telling you directly.” Hannibal didn’t seem amused anymore, if anything he was being gentle and Will found himself calming a little even after he realised Lecter was stroking the back of his hand with his thumb.

And then the flashes started.

Will flinched and growled, pulling away from Lecter.

“Will?”

He flinched again, holding up a hand to shield himself from the lights as he shook.

Flashes of images spiked through his mind with each illumination. Every instinct told him to run but he held himself there, as he had before. Held his position even as the rain of bullets started.

“Will!” Lecter’s hand was on his arm and he stood by his side, shielding him from the cameras, “Let’s go.”

Will nodded and felt himself pulled to his feet, Hannibal’s arm around his waist like a loving embrace, when really he was taking a large amount of Will’s weight without it being remotely obvious.

By the time they got to the door, the two massive security guys that were Lecter’s usual people flanked them. He could hear the cacophony of noise beyond the main doors, people calling them to look at the camera.

Will steeled himself for it, but then felt Lecter steer him away. One of the security staff boldered ahead, opening the heavy set doors between them and, apparently, the back door. The maitre d’ was following them, muttering his apologies as the other security guard radioed for the car to come around back.

As they bustled through the kitchen, Will lost his footing, falling from Lecter’s arms and hitting his head on a door jam. It was just a graze, not even that painful but he lost his focus. He could hear gunshots and wasn’t sure if they were real or echoes.

Then they were in the car and it was dark, and strong arms held him as he shook.

“I’m sorry, about earlier. I didn’t... I didn’t realise it would have that effect on me.” Will’s tone was sheepish.

They were sat in Lecter’s private study, the alpha having insisted he take care of Will personally.

The room was quiet and poorly lit, comfortable. Lecter crouched in front of him with a bowl of warm water and a small cloth, dabbing at the slight laceration on Will’s temple.

“A small dressing should be enough. Head wounds can bleed profusely, but they often look worse than they are. No need for stitches.” Lecter’s words were low and commanding, though still gentle. They sounded real, no pomp for the first time, a real conversation.

“Thank you,” Will meant it. *“Where did you learn... I mean,”* A day ago Will wouldn’t have cared if he sounded like an asshole, but it felt uncalled for at this point.

Lecter smiled, a soft thing, “I am a doctor. I was a doctor. I went to medical school, worked as an ER doctor for quite some time, I had been planning to move into psychiatry when my aunt died and bumped me up the family tree. I was suddenly a minor royal and that line of work - with the public - was no longer deemed appropriate.”

The smile remained though he sounded a little forlorn. Will felt like he was only just seeing the man clearly for the first time.

Lecter stood and went over to his desk where he already laid things out in preparation. Will watched as he prepared a wound dressing and brought it over, wiping the cut one last time before placing it gently on him.

Lecter busied himself with that, not looking at Will as he asked, “Do you wish to talk about it Will? Whatever the trauma was that has affected you so?”

Perhaps it was the alphan tone, mixed with that of a doctor, that didn’t cause Will’s hackles to rise at the question for once.

He hesitated too long and Hannibal finished with the dressing, stepping back to look down at him.

“Is this the reason you left the FBI?”

Will huffed and raised a brow. Lecter clearly knew enough of his history, had likely been given a file by Crawford, and yet had been tactful and not mentioned that he knew Will had been let go for being unstable.

Will shrugged, “A contributing factor.” He took in a breath and let it out, feeling strangely open and honest. “I have... a problem with empathy. Too much of it. The irony being that having too little of it is often preferred in a lot of law enforcement,” He let out a dark chuckle.

Hannibal’s eyes didn’t leave him as the man took a seat opposite, and Will wasn’t sure the last time he had someone’s rapt attention. Much less wanted it.

“It came in handy, solving cases. But... This one case ended in a shootout, the whole thing was a mess. Everything that could go wrong went wrong, and I was pinned down with a few others. Civilians mostly,” He shook his head. “I was shot, lots of people were shot, and I couldn’t... there was nothing I could... I could feel them all...”

Lecter leaned towards him and made a hushing noise as he placed a hand gently on Will’s knee. “It’s okay Will,”

Will nodded, realising his breathing had become a little erratic. He took a few deep breaths and then nodded again, pulling back from the threatening panic attack.

“I’d like you to stay in my bed chambers tonight,” Hannibal said, no hint of anything beyond the compassion of a medical professional. “I want to keep an eye on you for the evening, and... it wouldn’t hurt to maintain our fiction where possible.”

Will woke to loud knocking and it took him a moment to realise he wasn’t in his own room. He lay on the bed, above the covers, fully clothed but with Hannibal in the same condition spooned in behind him.

On the second round of knocking he felt Hannibal stir and roll away from him.

He really didn’t want to regret the loss as much as he did.

They had gone up to Hannibal’s room and Hannibal had eased him down onto the bed. He’d taken off Will’s shoes and made him comfortable against the pillows before laying on the bed next to him.

Hannibal wasn’t wrong, they’d not done an awful lot to keep this cover and now the one night they had, it had ended in disaster.

So they had lain there, facing each other atop Hannibal’s bed and talking in hushed tones. When he’d started to drift off to sleep it was to thoughts of taking Hannibal fishing.

Hannibal returned to the bed, frowning as he sat down next to Will.

“Who was it?” Will asked, his voice sleep heavy.

“One of my aide’s, I have... duties I need to see to today. Engagements, events. I have already put a few off whilst we settled this cover business, I didn’t think it fair to throw you into it, but equally it would look odd not being on each other’s arm if we are to keep up the fiction that we are newly in love and doting on one another.” Hannibal smiled softly for a moment and then it was gone. He stood from the bed and went to his dresser.

“My valet will be in shortly, perhaps you should return to your room and we shall get ready to face the day.”

Every bit of the sentence sounded like a dismissal.

“I can’t protect you like this, not if you insist on always being out in the public eye.”

“I don’t insist Will, it’s my job.”

The argument of three hours earlier as they’d left for the Gala stewed inside him.

That night, weeks ago, that they had spent being real with each other felt like a distant dream and he wondered if it had happened at all.

Lecter had thrown himself into one social engagement after the other, dragging Will along of course. Will spent half the time trying to do his job - focusing on Lecter and ensuring no one seemed a threat to him. And the other half trying to maintain his cover - making polite conversation and trying not to feel entirely like a fish out of water amongst aristocrats and socialites.

As the weeks rolled on Will spent a lot of time aggravated by Hannibal's behaviour.

Lecter was always pomp and frivolity. He was that image Will had first seen - campy and vain. Not the real Hannibal Lecter, he realised now, and yet it was so hard to remember that when it was all he saw day after day, not the doctor who had cared for him, the alpha who had lain next to him.

Will hated it. He hated seeing this imitation Hannibal, even if a lot of what he was doing was for good reasons.

This evening's Gala was a benefit for orphans, leading Will to discover that Hannibal was in fact the largest patron of the main charity in the country that supported orphans. It made it so much harder to be angry with the man for clearly playing up to the image the media had given him.

"You look tired," Will was startled by Hannibal's comment as he approached Will from across the room. The party was winding down, "Let's go home."

Will huffed and took Hannibal's hand by rote now.

Hannibal was right, he was tired. Tired of this whole thing. And maybe that's why he wasn't alert, maybe that's why he didn't realise the car was tailing them until it tried to run them off the road.

Concern in the city last night as Count Hannibal Lecter's car crashed on his way home from a gala event in the capital.

Sources close to the Count say that he and his entourage, including his mysterious American lover, were unharmed but shaken. Our source indicated that the Count would be taking a short holiday to recover, but there have been no reports as to where that might be.

Freddie Lounds for The Vilnius Tattler

The first week in Wolftrap was strange.

It felt too comfortable, it felt domestic. Accidently so because it was nothing he'd said or done, and he hadn't expected Hannibal to fit in at all in this rustic cabin in the woods.

He'd bought it years ago, somewhere to come to fish and relax, to clear his mind when he wasn't working. It had technically become his permanent residence when he left the FBI, but had mostly been on the move with jobs for Jack.

It was a bit musty when they arrived and needed airing out. He thought Hannibal would balk at it, but he didn't. Instead he mentioned how it was much more comfortable than the orphanage he'd been placed in after his parents died. Will recalled his file then, he had been rendered temporarily mute by the attack that had killed his parents and was found wandering in the woods. It was over a year before his uncle located him and taken him home.

Will had to keep reminding himself not to judge the man too much by the face he presented to the public. He just wore that person suit so well, it was difficult to see the alpha beneath.

The second week it all felt normal, and that was - Will would realise with hindsight - a mistake.

Things went from comfortable to way too comfortable, and over familiar, the day Hannibal asked Will to teach him to fish.

They stood on the banks of the stream, casting their lines and chatting idly. Sitting too close and Will's brain constantly tripping over how nice this was. How easy it was. From the moment they left Lithuania, every minute was like that evening when Hannibal had dressed his wound and they had both opened up a little.

It was only when they were almost back at the cabin, hauling a few fish between them that Hannibal kissed him. He was on the step above Will and had leaned in and kissed him so naturally that it had taken Will a moment to register they weren't really a couple.

"We don't have to pretend here," Will's words came gruffer than intended.

"Who's pretending?" Hannibal purred as he continued into the house.

Will's heart pounded as he followed, dropping the fish and reaching for Hannibal. He leaned in and kissed him, moaning when the other alpha reciprocated passionately.

"Knot me?" Hannibal asked, answering Will's internal question over exactly what two alphas would do in bed together, if not the mechanics. He'd been with a few beta guys and knotting was a no go for them.

"Yes," Will moaned.

"Slick?" Hannibal asked, breathless.

Will nodded against him and started to guide him towards the stairs, up to his room where the artificial slick sat, rarely used, in a drawer.

Time passed in a blur. One minute they were pulling each others clothes off on the stairs, next he was between Hannibal's parted legs, sucking his cock and kneading his knot, wondering what it would be like to take it. He'd already had his fingers pumping into the alpha for minutes or hours and they were both so ready for this.

The thought made his cock twitch and then Hannibal was moaning that he was close and needed Will inside him.

“Are you sure?” Will panted the words as he lined himself up, hitching Hannibal’s hips upward a little, “about the knotting?”

Hannibal moaned again and nodded adamantly, “Please...”

He felt so good. So very hot and tight. He smelled like the thoroughbred alpha that he was, and Will couldn’t help a little pleasure in the thought of fucking the pompous, wonderful asshole into the mattress.

“Harder,” Hannibal groaned.

“Oh fuck...” Will was sure he was going to come any second, but he thrust hard, deeper. So deep his swelling knot was pressing against Hannibal’s rim and then Hannibal’s hands were digging into his flesh and pulling him closer, pulling him deeper.

They both cried out as Will’s knot suddenly popped in.

It was tight, so much tighter than an omega, and it didn’t catch in the same way. They weren’t locked together but it would still be incredibly painful for them both if Will pulled out before he had deflated.

Pulling out was the furthest thing from his mind as he continued to grunt shallow thrusts for another minute before Hannibal was crying out and clenching around him. His come spurted between them and Will slipped his hand down to squeeze around Hannibal’s knot. He kept coming in heavy spurts, tightening around Will with each one until he was doing the same.

Hannibal moaned and flopped back, boneless on the bed as Will began to fill him so much that his stomach bulged ever so slightly.

Will dropped heavily onto Hannibal and they lay there, panting against each other as, shaking as they came down from their shared climax.

There were hardly any words between them as they had cleaned up. Taking so long to do so that Hannibal’s come had dried on them both.

They shared a shower and Will’s seed spilled from Hannibal in copious amounts that had him embarrassed but made Hannibal chuckle and pull him into a slow kiss.

Everything was gentle and real. So real.

When they returned to the bed, still in their towels, they dried and slipped naked between the sheets. They held each other and Will knew he could see the real Hannibal behind the pomp and fanfare. And he knew he was someone he might fall in love with.

Will drifted to those thoughts.

*

It had been a long few days.

Will found himself in bed with Hannibal again despite knowing he shouldn't, knowing that it could compromise him. Had compromised him.

He called Jack to tell him what was going on, to request someone new be sent to Wolftrap to collect Hannibal and protect him now that Will was too close to the subject. Crawford was pissed and chewed Will out quite some bit, but agreed a new agent would be sent the next day.

Will didn't tell Hannibal, just lay next to him and held him. Sleeping in his arms and waiting for the morning.

Will wasn't sure what the noise was that woke them but he was on instant alert, hushing Hannibal and telling him to go lock himself in the bathroom. It was still dark, the middle of the night.

How would anyone know Hannibal was even here... Unless the information was leaked from within the palace. And why Hannibal? This threat was to all the royals and he was an odd one to single out... unless...

Will grabbed his gun from the bedside and slipped from the bed, scenting the air as he went in hopes of finding the source of the noise.

There was a strange scent in the air. Blockers.

It had to be someone that Hannibal or himself would recognise the scent of, otherwise there'd be no reason for it.

A door opened and Will turned, there was a blur in the darkness and he fired.

Reports just in that Will Graham, once thought to be the boyfriend of Count Hannibal Lecter, has been shot whilst protecting the royal.

Interpol have now confirmed that Graham was part of a private security detail protecting the royal family after threats against their lives. Sources have suggested the perpetrator is now deceased, thanks to Graham, whose condition is described as critical.

Freddie Lounds for The Vilnius Tattler

Will blinked, trying to open his eyes against the bright white light of the hospital room.

Someone else was in the room.

It took a moment before he was able to focus in on the scent.

Hannibal.

He tried to sit up but couldn't quite do so, instead positioning himself slightly so he could see the man sat next to his bed. He could feel the anger undulating off of the alpha, he could scent it on him and it was a powerful thing. There was something unexpected and enticing about Lecter's apparent capacity for violence, something Will could tell he was barely holding back despite the completely cool exterior.

He was enraged. He was incensed.

"Hannibal..." Will croaked.

Hannibal turned, his face brightened to a smile but the anger was still there, seething beneath surface. Will could feel it.

"I'm sorry," Will needed to get it out there, to make things right.

Hannibal frowned and moved to sit next to him on the bed, taking his hands, "For what?"

"You're angry that I called Jack, that I was going to get someone to replace me, but I couldn't-"

"Will," Hannibal shook his head. "I understand that completely, I'm not angry though I wish you had told me. I didn't like finding out from Jack Crawford after you'd been shot."

"Who was it?" Will asked, an image flashing to mind, making him flinch at the deeper memories it stirred.

Hannibal hushed him and ran up a hand to stroke through his hair.

"Tobias Budge, you met him briefly that night with Franklyn. He's an aide at the palace, and apparently had something of an obsession for me. The police raided his home after the shooting and... It was clear he'd been paying me special attention for some time. It appears he was obsessed with me and hoped that he could use the threats against my family to ingratiate himself, assisting with the security. But then Jack's firm was hired and you were in the way. He... didn't come to Wolftrap to harm me Will, he came to get you out of the way. He clearly didn't bank on you being such a good marksman."

Will huffed a laugh that shot pain through his stomach, thankful he hadn't bled out from the shot there.

"I don't think being a good shot was much to do with it. He was only going to get to you over my dead body," Will admitted with a growl.

Hannibal's chest expanded and he let out a purr that had Will blushing.

"So why are you angry at me?" Will asked, curious now.

Hannibal frowned again and tilted his head, "I'm not angry at you Will... I'm... livid that I might have lost you. I've been sat here for a week growing angrier as the days passed."

Will grinned and shook his head, "You're an idiot."

"I may well be, but... as a medical professional, I can tell you that this is a completely natural response when one is at risk of losing one's mate."

Will blinked, his jaw tightened and blood draining from his face.

They'd never discussed what they were to each other, not really. Never talked about the future. In a split second it all seemed so difficult. How would they even work? Did he even want that?

"I... I, um..." Will started but Hannibal leaned in and kissed him.

A gentle thing that took him immediately back to those weeks spent together in their own little world in Wolftrap.

Will pulled away, "Hannibal, how would we even-"

"I can't change who I am and what I do, I don't want to. But I can... come home to you. When I'm not doing these things, I can come home to Wolftrap. If you want me to?"

Will had never heard Hannibal sound so uncertain, so vulnerable. He felt the sudden urge to reassure his mate.

They were still kissing languidly, stroking gently over each other's bodies, when the nursing shift changed and Hannibal was unceremoniously kicked out.

Will chuckled, proud at least, that Count Hannibal Lecter didn't bluster something ridiculous like he might have expected when they first met - something like - 'don't you know who I am?'

Count Hannibal Lecter and his bodyguard Will Graham, a modern fairy tale? It just might be. Join me for this exclusive with the happy couple and what the future holds for them.

Freddie Lounds for The Vilnius Tattler

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